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# Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, October 18, 1888, [Whole Number: 695]

Providence Independent

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## The Printer of Kummersolthal.

BY GEORGE E. POSTER.

Kummersolthal was unusually excited.

How such a happy town could have taken such a name as Kummersolthal or sorrowing vale, I was for a long while unable to determine. Knowing that a town famed in primitive time, and given so expressive a name as "sorrowing vale" was sure to have an entertaining legend, and being specially interested in the study of nomenclature as far as it related to the names of places, I decided to stop over a day in one of my annual trips up the valley and solve the mystery that to me appeared wrapped up in the name.

A little inquiry at the village inn disclosed the fact that there still resided in the town one of the old citizens, whose mind, though feeble on matters pertaining to the present day, was still young as to the impressions received in youth.

Signifying my desire to see the old man, the keeper of the inn pointed out his ancient home, and, dinner over, I started for his cottage. He was seated in his doorway, and to my "good afternoon," asked me to sit down and rest. It was not long before I adroitly led the old man's mind back to the sunny days of his youth, and in his story of old scenes, he gave the ancient legend of Kummersolthal.

It was to the effect that more than a century ago, a young German came, with his young and charming bride, into that beautiful valley. There he built him a cabin, and curiously selected a site by the river side, just where the sun's first beams struck in the morning and its last rays fell at night. There for ten years they resided, happy years they were, too, though their nearest neighbors were miles away. A bright, little boy soon made the father's and mother's heart rejoice, and the young father was very proud and happy.

One day, when he returned from his work in the clearing, he found his wife murdered by Indians, his child stolen away and his cabin burned. The shock overcame the young husband and father, but he alone performed the sad funeral rites over his murdered wife, and then plunged into the forest to search for the destroyer of his peace and for his lost child. It became a mania with him, and for years after, hunters and trappers used to tell of a half-crazed man that they often met, who was always on the tramp, eagerly looking for something he could not find, and when addressed on any subject a tear would start afresh in his eye, and he would sadly point in the direction of his old home, and utter the single word "Kummersolthal."

This, in brief, was the legend that the old villager told me, and at the close his mind became lost in his ancient memories so that he forgot my presence and I stole quietly away leaving him as I found him, absorbed in thought.

This was years ago. The town then had two hundred inhabitants, but it was so snugly nestled in the valley and removed so far from railroads that it had been overlooked by geographers, and it was only by accident that I stumbled over it at all. I returned to the inn, I made note of the legend in my record book, and, as I paid my bill, the polite landlord presented me with a copy of the Kummersolthal Gazette. I remember reading it with interest, and wondered at the printers' ingenuity in getting into his little sheet so many things of interest; and I remember distinctly, too, that in each item, no matter how gay on the exterior, there was a something—what I could not tell—that showed it was written with a sorrowing heart. Had I time, I should have called to see the printer, and have tried to solve the riddle of mysterious sadness that appeared to underlie this gay exterior and which he evidently labored to conceal. But I left the village, and in other places, mingled with other people, I forgot the village, the legend, and the Gazette. Now, after ten years' absence, I found myself at Kummersolthal again. Instead of the peace and quiet that reigned when I left there, great excitement prevailed, and it was evident to the most casual observer that something unusual had happened. I followed the crowd over the bridge and down by the river side, and I found the people gathered around an unpainted cottage on which was an aged sign, so washed by the rains of time

that it was with difficulty I could decipher the words "Kummersolthal Gazette."

From a citizen I learned that the day before the paper had failed to appear. Somehow everyone felt disappointed. For more than twenty years such a failure had never happened. Every Wednesday at precisely four o'clock, p. m., the papers were delivered at the post-office by the editor and his son, who silently returned home.

One thing was certain, the Kummersolthal Gazette was missed. No one thought of going down to see why it had not come. Of late years the editor and his family had appeared to shrink more from society. They were considered exclusive and proud. A lively man with black whiskers, who evidently prided himself in knowing all the traditions of past years, informed me that the editor and puny wife came there some twenty years before. He was thought at the time very eccentric from the fact that he wanted to find a certain point of land where the sun's first beams struck in the morning, and the last rays fell at night; in fact it was where the young German's cabin stood a century ago. That spot he wanted. He purchased it at a high price. There he erected a house, made part of it an office, put in type and press and made the Gazette the exponent of Kummersolthal industries.

But the Gazette had failed to appear. Thursday came and some one passing the cottage noticed no signs of life, and tried the door but failed to gain admission.

Matters were talked over at the village stores, and finally the beadle of the village, accompanied by a crowd of men and a dozen or more trembling women, went over to the cottage.

The beadle forced his way into the house, while the people waited breathlessly outside.

Five minutes passed, the beadle was seen to open the door and beckon to his deputy and the door was closed. The excitement now was intense. That something unusual had transpired within the house was certain.

At length the door again opened, and the beadle reappeared, his face wearing a graver expression than was ever seen there before.

"What is it, beadle?" said half a score in a terrified whisper.

The beadle waited until the questioners were silent and replied: "Our editor is dead!"

"His wife, where is she?" asked the multitude, when the shock of the announcement no longer held their utterance.

"Dead," said the beadle.

"And his son?"

"Dead," said the beadle, who, selecting six of the leading citizens, pulled them inside, at the same time waving back the crowd that would have rushed in.

It was at the moment the beadle selected his jury that I approached the cottage. Being a comparative stranger in the place, and as there were no railroads to the village, and it being located so deep in the vale that few had learned of its existence, a stranger received considerable attention, from the very fact of his being a stranger, and each was anxious to tell all he knew about the deceased.

An old lady told how, twenty years before, he was lively, energetic, and was everywhere; his young wife was the light of every party; but of late years they had shrunk from public gaze, and his son took his place at news-gathering. The paper had grown apparently in circulation every year since it started. It was her opinion their property had made them proud. Over two thousand papers were issued weekly. Most everybody read the Gazette, she guessed. She had taken it since it started, and was intending to run in that very day and settle. She had received a bill, stating that she owed ten years' subscription, but she had kind of needed the money, and the bill didn't amount to much to an editor with so big a business. "No need of their having been so proud, if they did run a paper," was the uncharitable remark of a bystander. "The editor was miserly, too," chimed in another; "he did his own work, and almost always, of late, has refused to subscribe when a paper is handed around."

"He is probably worth \$20,000, lived up; \$4000 received annually for subscriptions, to say nothing of advertising," figured the village schoolmaster. "I have taken his paper for fifteen

year, and a while ago he sent me a bill for \$30. It would have been public-spirited of him to send his paper free, I being a public servant. His business was good so I have not hurried about the money."

"Probably murdered for his money," volunteered another. "Why there's no end of money these editor's make. Only a few days ago he sent me a bill to pay ten dollars I owed him for five years' subscription. Anxious to put the money in the bank, I suppose. As I needed it just then, I delayed. I don't believe in folks being piggyish if they are professionals."

Just then the beadle and the jury appeared.

"How is it? how is it?" asked the multitude in a breath.

"Gentlemen," gasped the beadle, "they starved to death."

"Impossible," exclaimed all.

"It is even so," continued the beadle.

"Mr. Foreman, tell us how it is."

The foreman mounted a box, and taking out my notebook by force of habit, I took down his words. They were as follows:

"Citizens of Kummersolthal: Never, until this hour, has the truth of the red legend been established, and never until this hour has there been more reason to call our place Kummersolthal or sorrowing vale. On the floor at his mother's bedside lies the dead son, and on the bed the starved mother. On the stool, bent forward on his case, is the editor himself, with the stick, the implement of his profession, in his hand, and the last word set, gentlemen, was 'Kummersolthal.' The last leader he set was his farewell to you, citizens of the town of his adoption. Yes, gentlemen, his native town! I read you, now, the copy taken from the cast of the deceased."

To the citizens of Kummersolthal: I bid farewell. One hour after my wife died, starved. One half hour after, my son followed, and before the clock strikes four, my edition, too, will be run off and the forms closed. Our depleted wardrobe answers charges of pride. You thought us rich and we would not beg—except for our just dues.

Three-quarters of a century ago my father discovered Kummersolthal. On this very spot the savages murdered my mother. From here, too, I was abducted. 'Tis the home of my birth. Hence for twenty years I have labored to build up the land my father first trod. In the future that work will be appreciated. On the table is my ledger, in which are recorded \$12,000 in just dues to me—all against good reliable men in this town. My claims, though just, have not been noticed. I am indeed "well off," but yet so poor. Kummersolthal it is to me. Though I have been wronged, I for—

"Here the paragraph breaks," said the foreman of the jury.

"And may the forgiveness he meant to bestow on us be granted," solemnly continued the beadle.

One by one the citizens start away home leaving the authorities alone with the dead.

Two days after, returning through the village, I joined in the long procession going to the church. Before the altar were three beautiful caskets furnished by the citizens, and canopied over with the richest flowers; indeed what the people failed to do to the living they had made up on the dead. Never were so many tears shed, for all knew they had a hand in bringing the deceased family to the grave. As the organist played the dirge I wondered what the aged pastor would say to the people.

The music ceased, and the aged preacher arose and opened the Holy Book to Romans, xiii, 7-8. Fully five minutes he waited, after finding the place, until the weeping people were almost as still as the dead forms before them, and he read:

"Render therefore to all their due. Owe no man anything."

He closed the book; the organ played another dirge, and the conductor motioned the audience forward to take the last look at the remains. It was the briefest but most pointed funeral service I ever heard.

Last month I took the train for a brief vacation, over a new railroad. On the morning of the third day we entered a beautiful valley that looked strangely familiar but at no time did I remember being in so large a city. Just as I was going to ask what it was, the conductor shouted out 'Kummersolthal!' I stepped out, annoyed at the change. Glancing around the only familiar face I saw was that of the old beadle, to whom I expressed wonder at the change a decade had brought.

"Yes," said the beadle, "ten years ago every man, woman and child in Kummersolthal made a vow to pay cash for everything he bought, and the town has been wonderfully blessed since then."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and as the car moved out of the city, the first rays of the morning sun struck on the handsomest monument I ever saw. Looking out of the car window with my opera glass, I was able to read the inscription:

ERECTED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
PRINTER OF KUMMERSOLTHAL.  
A TRIBUTE  
FROM EVERY CITIZEN.  
—Yankee Blade.  
MISS BECKY'S HOME.

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman, who had outlived her usefulness. Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, as a more fortunate being.

"Yes," she said, "there's a vacancy in the 'Old Ladies' Home,' and the \$100 that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's coming from. I'm 'most tired worrying about ways and means. Seems as though I had been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the Home—and I ought to be thankful for that."

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings; when they sang together in the choir from the same hymn book; when they loitered homeward in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the whip-poor-will complain and startled the fireflies in the hedges as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another planet. She was young then with a bloom on her cheeks; but, although the rheumatism had bent her figure and rendered her more or less hopeless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheek and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those far off days of her girlhood. He has taught her the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music; hour after hour in the empty school house they had practiced together while he wrote the score on the blackboard.

But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical or otherwise, had stopped short of any commercial value. In those days she never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which circumvented this final resolve of his. But what magnitude it had assumed at the time! On his return from a trip to a neighboring city some busybody had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been driving with Squire Eustis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a barum scaram fellow, they said, who made love right and left and grumbled a bit, and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied; she had simply said: "What then if you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till you—"

"But you didn't tell me, and I've been here a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky.

"It's such an everyday affair for you to drive with Sam Eustis!" which incredulity so stung Becky that she would not condescend to explain that she had carried some needlework up to Squire Eustis, which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chaise and new dapple

grays and the Squire had said: "Take Miss Becky home, Sam, and show her their paces," and how she had been ashamed to refuse their kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise, Sam had been the very pink of courtesy, and begged her to drive over with him to Parson Amory, three miles out of her way, "that Lucy Amory may see you don't disdain my company. For you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scape-grace. And, perhaps, if I made her a little jealous—you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Becky Thorne my stock may go up, and I may be 'saved from the burning,' as Parson Amory says."

And Becky had consented. How could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So she said a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil and mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the county to-day. Strange how that drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how that simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Eustis' needlework should have determined her fate and devoted her to a life hardship and the Old Ladies' home at the end! Talk of trifles! Poor Miss Becky! She remembered once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride, or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips. Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree and the guests looked for four leaved clovers, she had found herself—whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met on the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it, and for an instant she had it on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its results to put pride in her pocket; but just then Nell Amory called to Larry.

"Oh, a horrid spider—on my arm, Larry! Kill him quick—do! Oh! oh! oh! I shall die—I shall faint!"

And that was the end of it.

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its four leaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton mill roared and thundered all day long, where the birds built and the trees blossomed thirty years ago. It no longer blossomed except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising plants when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her slips, and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sewing, had watched the sick, had been in demand for a temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing; but lately her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore; she moved more slowly and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this, the bank where her little earnings had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had traveled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius. He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the finest people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Becky to read in the Plymouth Record about her "gifted townsman;" she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been colorless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her and made a little squint in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she complain? And now she is going to the Old Ladies' home.

"It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's widow.

"No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors

will drop in to see you and make it homelike. Now, there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the home. She says it's only a genteel almshouse after all; and so she rubs along with what little she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in, and they have to do it mighty gingerly too, just as though they were asking a favor of her. Lor', she doesn't earn her salt."

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism I could earn my living for years yet, and may be get something ahead again; but it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friendless."

"You ought to have been married when you were young, Becky," said the doctor's widow, who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair, and labored under the impression that she never had a chance—an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dr. Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly to put some stitches into the widow's wardrobe, which nobody else would do 'reasonably,' that lady's grief having incapacitated her from holding a needle or giving her mind to material details of 'seam and gusset and band.' But during the visit Miss Becky had been seized with her sharpest attacks of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctor's fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the Home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the home cozy," she said, outside the car window. "It's lucky Parson Amory left you that \$100, after all. He might have doubled it." "Yes, I suppose so," Miss Becky answered meekly. "Perhaps she was thinking that, if she were Mrs. Dwight, no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an almshouse. Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike."

"Write when you reach Plymouth, and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight, and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her glance inward. Somebody had taken a seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," he said. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I haven't met a soul from there these twenty years. I am on my way to look up my old friends."

"Twenty years is a long time," answered Becky. "I am afraid you won't find many of your friends left. You'll know Plymouth."

"I suppose not—I suppose not. Have you lived there long?"

"I? I have lived there all my days."

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Tell me everything you can think of. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell, married or dead? I can see the old place in my mind's eye, and the parsonage under the elms, and the orchard behind it where Miss Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore. By the way, is she alive? Do you know her?"

Miss Becky hesitated a moment.

"Yes," she replied; "I know her—more or less. She's alive."

"And married? She must be 60 odd; was a pretty creature, such—I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? Is her home in the old place still?"

"Her home!" said Miss Becky, flushing a little. "She has none; she is on her way to the Old Ladies' Home."

"To the Old Ladies' Home? Becky Thorne!" he gasped. "And I?"

"You seem to have known her pretty well," said Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incongruity.

"I should think so. I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle. We had a silly quarrel which parted us; such a trifle when I look back. Do you ever look back, madam?"

"The twilight was falling about them—Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark, velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You?" she said. "You must be Larry Rogers! Then the color swept to her

cheeks in a crimson wave. "Do you know, I never thought you had grown old like myself? Don't you know me?" I am Becky Thorne!"

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel and they forgot they were 'sixty odd.'

"On the way to the Old Ladies' home," she wrote to Mrs. Dwight, "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's instead."—*Boston Traveler.*

## Baby Stolen by an Eagle.

The baby of a farmer, William Beattie, who lives on the Cimarron river, north of the Territory line, was carried off by an eagle recently. Beattie went to work in the morning, leaving in his dug-out his two children, one 5 years old and a baby aged 2 months. About noon Beattie returned home and found his girl in tears. She said she had taken the baby into the yard and left it while she went into the house. In a few minutes she heard a cry and, on looking out, saw the baby "flying away," as she expressed it. The father knew at once that an eagle had visited his home, and summoned his neighbors to the wooded banks of the river, for which the eagle had made. In about an hour the sound of a shot summoned the searchers together. One of the men had found the eagle and was engaged in a conflict with it. He had emptied his gun at the big bird and broken a wing and was using his gun as a club when reinforcements arrived. The eagle fluttered into the bush and then the father saw his infant, dead, the body badly lacerated.

## Glass Cloth.

Mr. Dabus Bonnet, of Lille, France, has invented a process of spinning and weaving glass into cloth. The warp is composed of silk, forming the body and ground work, on which the pattern in glass appears, as effected by the weft. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than from 50 to 60 of the original strands are required to form one thread of the weft. The process is slow, for no more than a yard of cloth can be produced in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful and comparatively cheap. A French paper, commenting on the discovery, says: "When we figure to ourselves an apartment decorated with cloth of glass and resplendent with light, we must be convinced that it will equal in brilliancy all that the imagination can conceive and realize; in a word, the wonders of the enchanted palaces mentioned in the Arabian tales."

## Prefers Jail Life to Paying Up.

A man worth \$10,000 is lying in jail in Bangor, Me., charged with the embezzlement of a few hundred dollars belonging to the town of Bradford. It is a queer case, and the story told is as follows:

Mr. A. W. Severance was in 1855 the collector of the town of Bradford, and he, so he says, and so his books show, collected something like \$1,600, which he failed to turn over to the town Treasurer. The matter has drifted along all these years, interest being added from time to time, and quite often Mr. Severance has gone forward and stated that he wanted to settle up. The books would be looked over, and then he would say there must be some mistake, that he could not tell where the funds had gone to, &c. In the meantime he built the finest barn in town, living all the while a sober and industrious life. At last his bondsmen demanded a settlement, but failing to get it, sued and attached a mill and lumber to the amount of \$1,030, which were sold for \$1,000, and that sum placed to the credit of the delinquent. Nine hundred remained, and Severance still not inclined to settle, his bondsmen, or one of them charged him with embezzlement, caused his arrest and brought him to Bangor. In the court he waived examination, pleading not guilty, was ordered to give \$2,000 bonds, and quietly went to jail.

He has about \$10,000 worth of property around him in Bradford, and owns four fine horses and other stock. The only solution of the queer affair which many can arrive at, after looking over the case, is that Severance is not exactly in his right mind. Some of his friends say he is right, and there is a conspiracy against him, which he will show up.—*Boston Herald.*



## Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.  
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, October 18, 1888.

MR. BLAINE is uttering red-hot Republican speeches in Indiana.

THURMAN has issued his letter of acceptance, and thus is another public want filled.

The number of yellow fever cases in Florida is gradually decreasing, according to recent dispatches from Jacksonville. Total number of cases thus far, 3,569; total deaths, 316.

If various dispatches from Michigan are to be credited that State is among the fairly debatable States this campaign. The Democrats are making a persistent effort to win the day in Michigan.

EDITOR ROBERTS, of the *Messenger*, makes out a burning case against the mammoth iron corporation of Phoenixville, in relation to the mighty tariff issue. Phoenixville may yet furnish the occasion for an exhibition of the State Militia.

Our neighbor C. T. Kratz, Esq., Republican candidate for the Legislature, is making an active canvass and is encouraged with the prospects of success. Voters of all parties admit, without argument, that he is thoroughly fitted for the office he is in quest of, and he deserves a flattering home vote.

It is reported that some individual, with a keen hankering for statistics, has ascertained that 1,800,000,000 words of partisanship and tariff, tariff reduction, prohibition and general oratory are expressed every week of the present gigantic political canvass. And the country still lives!

The recent terrible fatality on the Lehigh Valley railroad, reported in another column, was supplemented Tuesday by a collision of two freight trains on the same road, in the vicinity of Hazleton, causing the death of eight men, and the serious injury of twenty-three more. Terrible!

It is probable that Congress will adjourn at an early day. It is stated that only about fifteen Senators and twenty-five or thirty Representatives remain in Washington, the majority being at home in the political interests of themselves and their party. It is therefore apparent that the best thing Congress can do will be to speedily adjourn.

AN INDIVIDUAL who clears a million-and-a-half in a single year out of a trust, no doubt, feels quite certain that trusts are private concerns in which the general public has no interest. Just so. And if another individual helps to spend a part of the million-and-a-half in aristocratic style, he will also be likely to imbibe the same sentiments.

BROTHER DAMBLY, of the *Transcript*, favors the election of Judge Weand, first, because he is a Republican; and last, because he is a Republican. Judge Weand's fitness for the position, and the qualifications of George W. Rogers, Esq., for the same, being admitted, this point need not be discussed. We favor the election of Mr. Rogers, not because he is a Democrat, but for the reason that we believe the Judiciary of this county, as constituted at present, should represent the two prominent political parties. That's it.

THE latest reports regarding the wheat supply indicate a crop of about 400,000,000 bushels instead of 450,000,000, the estimate which followed the harvest. The final and accurate test furnished by the threshing machines shows the first estimate to have been too high by at least 50,000,000 bushels. As the crop of 1887 was 436,000,000 it will be readily seen that the crop of 1888 is not only short of the original estimate, but that it falls far below the average for the past ten years. Short as the American wheat crop is thus shown to be, it is still from 50,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels greater than any possible demand for home consumption, and if the wheat supply elsewhere was a full one there would be no good reason why flour and bread should be unusually high during the coming year. Unfortunately, however, the shortage is still greater abroad than at home, rendering certain a foreign demand for our surplus and making it possible for foreign stringency to fix American prices. This will be to the decided advantage of American farmers, who will doubtless obtain more money for their short crop than they realize under ordinary circumstances for a full one. But what will prove the farmers' gain will prove a serious loss to the millions of bread-consumers who are not farmers.—*Philadelphia Paper.*

IN relation to the question of the rates of wages in different countries of Europe, the following extract from a recent essay on this subject by Professor Taussig, of Harvard, strikes us as being quite rational and philosophical:

"The great reason why wages are very small in India and China, higher but still slim in a country like Germany, comparatively higher in England, and highest of all in the United States, is to be found in the varying productiveness of labor in these countries. Beyond doubt this is the fundamental explanation of the differences that prevail in the various parts of the world in the money wages of laborers as well as in the commodities which they buy with the money and which are their real wages. The workman is paid more, but he also produces more. The product sells for more than the product of the same labor elsewhere, and the employer is able to pay higher money wages. Not only is he able to do so but he must; for thousands of employers desire to engage in business, and compete with each other for laborers, and the result must be that wages will be high in some proportion to the productiveness of the laborers."

The foregoing seems to accord with the sentiments of Mr. Blaine while he was Secretary of State: "Undoubtedly the inequalities of the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor,"—that is their productiveness. However, Mr. Blaine is not Secretary of State, now. He is a stump speaker.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1888.—The crowd of spectators present when Ex-Senator Thurman addressed the United States Supreme Court this week in the Bell Telephone case, was unusually large, the small space allotted to the general public being packed with people. Justices Gray and Matthews were absent. There was a general smile among the spectators when Judge Thurman laid his bandanna and snuff box on the table, a smile in which little Chief Justice Fuller participated. The speech occupied about thirty-five minutes, and from the nature of the subject was heavy and dry. Mr. Thurman appeared much stronger than when he arrived last Saturday, and spoke with energy.

After his speech, Judge Thurman went over to the office of the Secretary of the Senate, and held quite a levee. Senators of both political parties came up to shake hands, and congratulate him. How much mental reservation there was in some minds need not be estimated. The result in November is so doubtful that every candidate is a power until after election. Then the bandanna will be either the proud insignia of a victorious host, or the reviled rag that led a lost cause. On Tuesday evening the President, Judge Thurman, Representative Scott, and Speaker Carlisle met at Oak View for a counsel of war. The three cornered mayoralty fight in New York is said to have been the main subject of consideration.

The bill introduced in the Senate to pay the widow of Chief Justice Waite the balance of a year's salary, \$8,745, aroused a great deal of ill feeling. Senator Berry insisted that there was no precedent for such an action. Senator Edmunds replied that inasmuch as Marshall, Taney and Chase died without leaving widows, a precedent could hardly be expected. Senator Hoar called attention to the fact that the balance of a year's salary is always paid to the widow of Senators and Representatives. Mr. Berry afterward withdrew his call for yeas and nays, adding that Justice Waite must have been a very extravagant man, and that the bill wouldn't go through the House. With due respect to the elder Berry, there can be no doubt of the ultimate passage of the bill. Fundamentally it may be wrong, but it is consistent with all recent legislation.

The report of Senator Hale's special investigating committee, went to the Senate on Wednesday, making a printed document of about 50 pages. The report alleges rewards of Federal Employees on trumped up charges of partisanship, participation of Democratic employees in political conventions, political assessments unpunished, and the violation by the President of Civil service pledges. Most of the charges are such as have been frequently discussed in the newspapers. No action was taken.

Senator Hiscock of New York had one day to himself this week, and delivered a lengthy tariff speech. The arguments advanced were those usually advanced in favor of protection, though the speech was not violently partisan. The Senator insisted that the Mills bill was selfishly sectional. Mr. Hiscock retains the excellent speaking qualities that so greatly distinguished him in the House.

The informal conference of Republican Senators as to adjournment, was productive of no decision. There is a doubt as to whether a quorum of the States could be held in Washington, if the tariff bill were continued beyond next week. The Democrats say that the Senators want to go home, and are

afraid to go. Senator Ingalls says that you can expect adjournment when you see it.

In the House, Mr. E. B. Taylor's announcement that he would object to any further legislation except on pension or appropriations, is accepted as a Republican longing to adjourn. Mr. Dougherty also raised the point of "no quorum" and on Wednesday demanded that the journal be corrected to show that the Electoral Count bill passed without a quorum. This being promised, he contained his soul in patience. Both sides are afraid of adjournment.

Secretary Whitney is informed that a canal boat has just run plumb into the new cruiser Baltimore and broken her rudder. The Department will investigate. If there were a quorum in the House, it might be well to pass a law punishing with fine canal boats injuring our navy. The American navy should not be wantonly injured by careless and muscular canal boats.

The individual expenses allowed in contested election cases in the House amounted to \$26,430. Speaker Carlisle was allowed, \$1,207.

### TERRIBLE FATILITY.

CAUSED BY A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A terrible railroad accident, which will rank as the most awful, so far as the loss of life is concerned, that ever occurred in the State, happened on the Lehigh Valley road, at a point between Whitehaven and Penn Haven Junction, Wednesday evening of last week. The accident was caused by the collision of two excursion trains laden with Catholic excursionists. The scene after the collision was heartrending. Thus far sixty-four deaths have resulted from the accident. The disaster was the result of the most gross and inexplicable carelessness on the part of the engineers. The celebration of Father Mathews' day at Hazleton had attracted there thousands of persons from Luzerne and Lackawanna counties, and special arrangements had been made by the Lehigh Valley Railroad to accommodate the vast business. Seven long trains, drawn by two engines, went down the road to Hazleton in the morning, taking the old route from White Haven around by Penn Haven Junction. On this line five miles below the town of White Haven is the little flag station of Mud Run. The trains, of course returned the same way, leaving Hazleton after 5 o'clock, under orders to proceed at not less than ten minutes apart. The first four sections, consisting chiefly of people from Wilkesbarre and vicinity, went through without mishap. The fifth section left Hazleton at 5.50, drawn by two engines and in charge of conductor Charles Terry, of Mauch Chunk. On their arrival at Mud Run, getting no orders to run ahead, Terry pulled up his engine about 400 feet beyond the little station and lay there to await orders. Knowing, of course, that another section was not far behind, he sent out his flagman and saw that the signals were all out to arrest the approaching train. Then he went into the cars and began collecting tickets. At Mud Run the track takes a wide incurve. Terry's train stood almost at the end and could certainly have been seen by any train approaching along the whole curve a distance of fully half a mile. In addition to this the red signals were out at the station and a flagman out on the track. Yet despite all this the oncoming train, drawn by two engines, came tearing around the curve at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, dashing into the rear of the standing train. The engineer of the standing train, Anderson Brown, of Wilkesbarre, saw the train as it drew near and at once put on steam, so that the train was moving slowly when the shock came. Had it not been for this the loss of life would have been even greater. The foremost engine of the colliding train plowed its way for a distance of twenty feet into the rear car, which was crowded with men, women and children. Almost everyone in that end of the car was killed. The rear car was also driven into the second car almost half its length, and there again the slaughter was fearful.

PAIST BROS., PROPRIETORS.

We take pleasure in informing the public generally that, having erected a

LARGE -- WAREHOUSE

AND

A SIDE TRACK

AT

OUR MILLS!

We are now able to handle feed, grain, &c., with very little expense—and in large quantities.

We will always have on hand, and for sale at the very lowest prices, all kinds of

Feed, Grain, Fertilizers,

&c., &c., &c.

We can sell you a car load of Feed anytime, and you can haul it at your convenience.

No waiting for cars to arrive, and no unloading cars in double quick time.

In brief our facilities now are such as to enable us to carry a heavy stock of all kinds of feed, and to enable us to save time and money for our patrons as well as for ourselves.

As heretofore, highest cash prices will be paid for wheat and rye.

Wheat Wanted at all Times

40 Pounds High Grade Roller Flour

Exchanged for a Bushel of Good Wheat.

Special attention given to Grist Grinding.

We would be pleased to have a share of your patronage.

PAIST BROS., Collegeville, Pa.

FUSS & GRATER,

Grater's Ford, Pa.,

DEALERS IN

Grain, : Seeds,

FLOUR,

FEED,

HAY,

Coal and Lime!

FERTILIZERS, CEMENT,

PLASTER, SALT,

PEWTER SAND,

Terra Cotta Pipes, Chimney Tops, &c

ALSO CHESTNUT RAILS,

Hay Bought at all times for the Press.

D. R. BAER,

Teacher of Stenography.

Instructions given in shorthand writing upon reasonable terms. For further particulars inquire at THIS OFFICE.

### THE OLD STAND

## RE-OPENED!

The undersigned has re-opened the old (Fry) Store Stand in upper part of Trappe, with a full variety of Store Goods and is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner.

### Dry Goods and Groceries

DRESS GOODS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, TABLE LINENS, TRIMMINGS, EDGINGS, &c.

Groceries in assortment, best qualities, all the time.

### Queensware

Large Assortment, latest styles: Earthenware, Hardward—Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c., &c., &c.

—IN—

### Boots & Shoes

For men, women and children, we defy competition in styles, prices and qualities. Examine our stock before making your purchases.

F. B. RUSHONG,

TRAPPE, PA.

### LARGELY

Increased Facilities!

—COLLEGEVILLE—

### ROLLER MILLS!

PAIST BROS.,

PROPRIETORS.

We take pleasure in informing the public generally that, having erected a

LARGE -- WAREHOUSE

AND

A SIDE TRACK

AT

OUR MILLS!

We are now able to handle feed, grain, &c., with very little expense—and in large quantities.

We will always have on hand, and for sale at the very lowest prices, all kinds of

Feed, Grain, Fertilizers,

&c., &c., &c.

We can sell you a car load of Feed anytime, and you can haul it at your convenience.

No waiting for cars to arrive, and no unloading cars in double quick time.

In brief our facilities now are such as to enable us to carry a heavy stock of all kinds of feed, and to enable us to save time and money for our patrons as well as for ourselves.

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Grain, : Seeds,

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FERTILIZERS, CEMENT,

PLASTER, SALT,

PEWTER SAND,

Terra Cotta Pipes, Chimney Tops, &c

ALSO CHESTNUT RAILS,

Hay Bought at all times for the Press.

D. R. BAER,

Teacher of Stenography.

Instructions given in shorthand writing upon reasonable terms. For further particulars inquire at THIS OFFICE.

## C. J. BUCKLEY'S!

A NEW MILE STONE IN THE WORLD OF TRADE.

AUTUMN.

The readers of this paper are doubtless thinking of making their winter purchases. We extend them an invitation to call and inspect our stock before they buy.

### FLOOR -- OIL -- CLOTHS,

All widths—1, 1½, 1¾, 2, 2½, 3½ yards wide from 25c. yard. We have made a great reduction in

### Cloths and Cassimeres.

Have about 32 pieces new winter styles, and are selling them at give-away prices. We are doing an unheard of business in

### Flannels, Muslins, Blankets, Etc.

Are still handling that High Grade UNDERWEAR at Low Grade Prices. Just received a large invoice of Men's, Ladies' and Children's

### GLOVES!

From Gloversville, N. Y., which we place on our counters at wholesale prices.

### Gum Shoes, Boots, &c.

Are higher this year, but we are still selling them at last year's low prices. Ladies' and Children's Hoods and Caps: the latest styles in Men's and Boys' Soft and Stiff Hats.

We are offering special bargains in Queensware and Glassware. Decorated Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$3.25, worth \$4. Decorated Toilet Sets, \$3.25, worth \$4. Second Floor Room 2. Just received a car load of Salt, and can give you low prices. Ground Salt, 200 lbs., 75c. sack. Fine Salt, large Sacks, \$1.00.

Groceries of all kinds, Patent Medicines, Extracts, &c. Hardware, Tinware, Wood and Willow-ware, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Cement, Wheels, Rims, Shafts, Horse Shoes, &c., &c. Give us a call.

C. J. BUCKLEY,

P. O. Ironbridge. Bahn Station, Pa.

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## AN EARTHQUAKE!

BUT SIMPLY AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF FACTS IN REGARD TO OUR IMMENSE

STOCK OF

### DRY GOODS!

For the Spring and Summer Trade of '88, consisting of a splendid assortment of

Dress Goods, Ginghams, Calicoes, Shirts, Table Linen, &c.

### CLOTHS and CASSIMERES

For Suits for men and boys.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS:—Neckwear, Cuffs, Buttons, Scarf Pins, Lace Pins, Rings, &c.

Just received a large and carefully selected stock of the latest styles in

### SHOES AND HATS,

Which we are selling at prices consistent with the times.

Glassware, Woodware, Queensware, Hardware, Floor and Table Oil

Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper, The best Rubber

Paints a Specialty.

### GROCERIES!

Always the best. Raisins, Peaches, Prunes, Currants, Canned Goods, &c., in fact everything that is kept in a well stocked country store.

Yours Respectfully,

### Beaver & Shellenberger,

TRAPPE, PA.

### WATT & CO.,

DENTISTS

7 W. Main Street,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

WATT & CO.

Will have an Office in Collegeville

EVERY FRIDAY at

Perkiomen Bridge Hotel Parlors.

WATT & CO.

Will insert a set of teeth for \$6, \$8 and \$10, and make no charge for extracting when teeth are ordered.

Filling with Cement or Silver, 50 Cents.

" " Gold, - - - - - \$1.00 up.

Extracting, - - - - - 25 Cents.

" " with Gas, - - - - - 50 Cents.

Reference:—Work.

### WATT & CO.

Please every one—their work is the best—prices the lowest.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN,

Near Collegeville, Pa.,

—DEALER IN—

### Milk, Butter, Cottage Cheese, &c.

Vegetables in Season.

Pure milk delivered every morning to residents of Collegeville and vicinity. Butter and cheese delivered Wednesday and Saturday mornings.

## WE SHALL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU WHO

WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SOMETIME IN NOVEMBER.

You may smile at this assertion, but the fact is you wouldn't believe us if we would tell you now. But when you see a thing you must believe it. Just so when you visit the small but crowded

## Store at Providence Square.

You are forced to believe that you can get as much for your money as you can anywhere outside of the great city. We make specialties of our Dry Goods, Notions, Cassimeres, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Fine Groceries, Hardware, &c. Almost anything you want at low figures.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,

PROVIDENCE SQUARE.

## COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S

COUGH SYRUP for Colds, Croup, Coughs, &c.

LINIMENT for Sprains, Burns, Frosted Feet, &c.

WORM SYRUP, Pleasant, Safe and Effective.

CAMPOR CREAM, a sure remedy for Chapped Hands and Face, and Pains on Chest resulting from Colds.

VANDERSLICE'S SPAVIN CURE, an Effective Remedy.

SACHLO, for Removing Grease, Paint, &c., from clothing. Old Fashioned Palm Soap for Chapped and Rough Hands, making them smooth and soft. Absolutely Pure Black Pepper and other Spices. Prime Sweet Marjoram. Best Head-light Oil, 150° fire test.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

## CARPETS

THE LARGEST LINE

EVER -- OFFERED -- IN

NORRISTOWN,

## At Prices Lower than Ever!

The undersigned calls special attention to his large and select assortment of Carpets, &c., from all the leading makers in the country, consisting of

VELVETS, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRIES, 3-PLYS, DAMASKS, EX-SUPERS, SUPERS, C. C. SUPERS, UNIONS, COTTAGE, COTTONS, RAG, &c., &c.

## Rugs, Rugs, Rugs. Art Squares, Art Squares!

DRUGGETS, DRUGGETS! MATTINGS, LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, AND SHADING!

## CURTAIN POLES AND CURTAINS, &c., &c.

Carpets made and put down in the country at the same prices as in the town, by an Experienced Upholsterer, who thoroughly understands his business. We ask you to examine our facilities. We are sure

## We can Prove You can Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR CARPETS







J. W. ROYER, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
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Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

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Homeopathic Physician,  
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Office Hours:—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

J. R. UMSTAD, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
EVANSBURG, PA. (Lower Providence P.O.)  
Office Hours:—Until 8.30 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m.  
Telephone connected with Collegeville Drug Store. 13sep'88

J. D. GRAVER, M. D.,  
Physician and Pharmacist,  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Eighteen years' experience. Can be consulted in English or German. 14July

DR. B. F. PLACE,  
**DENTIST!!**  
36 E. Airy Street, NORRISTOWN, Pa. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Monday and Tuesday. Gas administered.

REMOVED!  
N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.,  
209 SWEDEN STREET, First house below Main St.  
NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether, &c. Also the new process for freezing the gums a miracle. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$10. English and German spoken. (ptap'88)

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**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
Jun.25-1yr.

EDWARD E. LONG,  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
No. 4 PENN STREET, TWO DOORS ABOVE SWEDEN, NORRISTOWN, PA.

C. TYSON KRATZ,  
**Attorney - at - Law,**  
311 SWEDEN STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
Philadelphia business also attended to. Residence: Lower Providence Township. 12aply

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
Land Title and Trust Co. Building, Nos. 608 and 610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.  
Room 23. Take the Elevator. Dec.17,1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,  
Justice of the Peace  
COLLEGEVILLE PA.  
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,  
Justice of the Peace,  
RAHN STATION, PA.  
Conveyancer and General Business Agent. Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27Jan.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,  
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)  
**Surveyor and Conveyancer**  
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.  
Nov8-6m. P. O. Address: Grater's Ford.

J. P. KOONS,  
**Practical Slater!!**  
RAHN'S STATION PA.  
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

L. B. WISMER,  
**Practical Slater!**  
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of grey stone flagging.

J. G. T. MILLER,  
**CARPENTER and BUILDER,**  
TRAPPE PA.  
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan.1, '85, tr.

J. W. GOTWALS,  
YERKES, PA.  
—BUTCHER AND DEALER IN—  
**Beef, Veal, and Mutton!**  
Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday. ap16-tr

SCRAP IRON!  
The highest cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry of the ROBERTS MACHINE WORKS, Collegeville, Pa. 26Jan

E. L. ACKER,  
**Attorney at Law,**  
NORRISTOWN OFFICE:—No. 309 SWEDEN ST. (Acker Building) a few doors above Main.  
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care. Speaks German.

W. M. PEARSON,  
**Auctioneer,**  
PHOENIXVILLE P. O., Pa. Residence: Near Black Rock, Upper Providence, Montg. county, Pa. Will do my best to fill every engagement in a satisfactory manner. 19July

EDWARD DAVID,  
**PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,**  
COLLEGEVILLE PA.  
**Samples of Paper**  
Always on hand.

W. L. CRATER,  
WITH W. H. BLANCHORD,  
**PAPER HANGER,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Estimates furnished and paper supplied. 2Feb

JOSEPH STONE,  
**CARPET WEAVER**  
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,  
(Formerly Beard House.)  
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

DAVID SPRINGER,  
MAIN ST., ROYERSFORD, PA.  
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
Insurance and Real Estate Agent  
AND LOAN BROKER:  
Insurance placed for one, three or five years in the largest and most reliable Stock Companies, at best rates. No assessments. Life and Accident Insurance policies a specialty. 28aply

TIGER HOTEL,  
4th and Vine Sts., Philadelphia.  
This old and popular hotel still furnishes the best accommodations for man and beast. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Rates, \$1.50 per day; and from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week.  
J. W. PLACE, Proprietor.  
JOHN GUNTHER, Clerk. 5aply

**Arcola:- Mills!**  
Perkiomen R. R., Pa.

The undersigned has taken possession of the  
**Arcola Flour and Grist Mills**  
—AND—  
**COAL AND FEED WAREHOUSE!**  
The flour mill has been put in good repair, and farmers can have their wheat converted into flour, or exchanged for the best flour. The Arcola Mills have always taken the lead in making the best burr flour. Will always be kept on hand a full line of all kinds of  
**- Mill Feed and Coal -**  
OF THE BEST GRADES.

Mr. Whitworth, as miller, will have charge of the mills, and all the business pertaining thereto, in my absence, with authority to sell at figures as low as the lowest. Favor us with your orders.

I shall still continue to handle Fertilizers. I have to offer this fall something special in the shape of a Natural Guano, from South America. It has been selling at about forty dollars per ton; it must be sold this fall. Farmers, come and examine it. It is an excellent article as a grain and grass fertilizer. Will offer it at a great reduction.

F. P. FARINGER.  
23Jun6m  
**- BARGAINS -**  
ALL THE TIME, IN

**HARNESS!**  
BRUSHES  
SOAPS,  
OILS,  
AXLES,  
GREASE,  
WHIPS,  
COMBS,  
Blankets,  
Robes,  
Lap-Covers  
Fly-Nets,  
All the Best Grades of Working and Driving COLLARS, at  
Detwiler's, Upper Providence Square.

Call and examine our stock and ascertain prices before going out of your latitude to make your purchases. Repairing attended to promptly. The best material used.  
Headlight Oil, Cigars and Tobacco.

**John G. Detwiler.**

**SUNDAY PAPERS.**  
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,  
News Agent,  
Collegeville.

**PATENTS**  
Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent Business conducted for MODERATE FEES.  
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office. We have no sub-agents, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at less cost than those remote from Washington.  
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.  
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town. Address C. A. SNOW & CO., 140c Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**AGRICULTURE IN NORTH CHINA.**  
The two most characteristic features of Chinese agriculture are the use of manure and the systems of irrigation. Manure is gathered from all conceivable sources. In the cities the night soil deposited on the sides of the streets and alleys is gathered by men and boys in buckets and mixed with clay, dried in the sun and sold to farmers. On country roads boys, and often girls and women, are seen at places where large numbers of pack horses, camels and mules pass, gathering into baskets the material which is afterward, with such beneficial results, spread upon their fields. Earth from the canals, rivers and city streets is also carted away for the same purpose. Other substances are diligently collected, as hair from barber shops, exploded firecrackers and sweepings from the streets, lime and plaster from kitchens and old buildings, soot, bones, fish and animal remains. The quantity of these fertilizers used and the importance the Chinese attach to them are proved by the number of people whose livelihood is gained in their collection.

In irrigating his land the farmer uses many devices. Where running water is at hand he turns it to advantage by directing it over his fields in large channels, banked with clay, and subdivided into smaller and smaller streamlets, until every part of the ground has been reached. If no running water is found, wells are dug and water drawn up by hand and poured into the main ditches which are subdivided into numerous smaller ones. Holes are dug in which rain water accumulates, which is bailed out when needed. The raising of this water is in most cases, especially in the vicinity of Peking, done very laboriously by hand. Windmills, of which there is not one around Peking (if anywhere in China), might be used for this purpose with great increase of efficiency and saving of human labor.

Chinese agricultural implements are of the rudest character. They are, chiefly, the plough, the hoe, the harrow, the rake and the stone roller. The plough is simply a broad blade fastened to a rough handle, guided by a man and drawn by teams of the most miscellaneous description: it cuts a furrow never more than six inches deep, and frequently only two or three. The teams are made up of horses, donkeys, mules, bullocks and human beings, it being not unusual to see a man or boy and any one or more of the animals above named drawing the same plough. Chinese measure the depth of the furrows by the fingers, and frequently speak of ploughing only two or three fingers deep. The reason for this seems to lie in the difficulty of making a deeper furrow with their plows and not because they are unaware of the advantage of it. The hoe is a much more effective tool, and it is with this that they work between the furrows of grain after it has been sown.

**APPLYING MANURE.**  
It is not an easy matter to lay down general rules in regard to the application of manures that will be wise in all cases. Opinions differ somewhat as to the economy of spreading farm yard manure upon the surface of fields or lawns in late autumn or early winter. Circumstances alter cases here as elsewhere. It seems, however, reasonable to maintain that winter top dressing should be restricted to level fields: for both rain and snow must sweep manure from frozen hillsides before its constituents have had any fair chance to soak in the ground.

There are advocates both at home and abroad of the practice of carting out fresh manure from the barn yard as fast as it is made and spreading it directly on the fields. The chief gain in such practice is doubtless the saving of labor.

The spreading of short manure upon grass in the spring, or in the autumn even, is no doubt commendable in many situations as a means of maintaining the same. A chief objection to the system of surface spreading, which applies particularly to light leaching soils, is that the non-soluble portions of the manure, as they lie on the ground, are liable to dry out to a peat like substance that is not specially useful to the growing crop.

However manure may be applied, it is of importance to secure its equable distribution in the soil. In a general way, it may be said that horse droppings and manure from sheep pens should be applied by preference to cold clayey soils, or to moist soils rich in humus. These hot manures tend to warm and enliven the land. On the other hand the slowly fermenting cow manure is preferred for warm light soils. On light sandy soils it will be found a good plan when using horse manure to mix it with some slow sort, as cow or swine manure.

**ABOUT TREES.**  
Garden and Forest says that the pre-

cepts which should be often repeated to farmers are not that trees are sacred objects, which cannot be cut without offense to man and nature. The lessons they must learn, if they hope to compete with farmers trained under more enlightened systems of agriculture, are that sterile, rocky, hilly ground cannot long be tilled profitably; and that such land can wisely be used to produce trees; that the pasturage of domestic animals in the woods, or on land suitable only for the growth of trees, is an expensive and wasteful system, as unsatisfactory from a pastoral point of view as it is fatal to the forest; that trees are just as much out of place in the strong level lands suitable to permanent tillage, as cattle are out of place in the woods. And they must learn, too, that woodlands can be made profitable only when the same care is given to trees, with reference to soil and climate, as it is bestowed upon the selection of grain and other crops, and that the rules which nature has established for the perpetuation of forests must be studied and obeyed.

**TREE PLANTING.**  
Here are some reminders as presented by the experienced J. J. Thomas, in the Albany Cultivator:  
Good, healthy, bracing roots are of more importance than a symmetrical top.

The roots should be long and strong enough, and the top made light enough to obviate any staking.

If the roots of a tree are frozen, and then thawed out of the ground or in contact with the air, the tree will be killed.

Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots when setting out a tree, but used for a mulch or top dressing.

Avoid particularly any small cavity next the roots, but fill compactly against them on all sides with fine, mellow earth.

A small, thrifty tree with copious roots when set out, will be a good bearing tree sooner than a large one with mutilated roots.

Young trees should not be set in a grass lot, or among any crops of sowed grain; but the whole surface should be kept clean and mellow.

If newly set ones suffer from drought mulch the ground about them, and frequently sprinkle or shower the stems and branches.

As a general rule, cultivation should be continued for six, eight or ten years from planting, after which closely grazed or lawn mowed grass may be permitted, with frequent top-dressing.

The amount of manuring or top dressing must vary with the vigor of the trees; young trees should grow two or three feet yearly, and bearing ones one foot or more.

Keep an eye to the future shape of the tree, and timely remove small, needless, crossing and crooked limbs. This will obviate heavy pruning in after years.

**FIRE! FIRE!!**  
NOTICE.—The members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery County, are hereby notified that a contribution was levied August 14, 1888, of One Dollar on each One Thousand Dollars of Ordinary Risk; and the Rates fixed on Hazardous Risks, for which each member of said Company is insured, and that M. McLaughery, Treasurer of said Company, will attend at his office, No. 506 Swede street, in the borough of Norristown, to receive said assessments, from date. The 40 days' time for payment of said tax will date from August 30, 1888. Persons sending money by mail must accompany the same with postage in order to receive a receipt therefor. M. McLAUGHERY, August 30, 1888. (6t) Treasurer.

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A full supply of Coal of all sizes constantly on hand, from the best mines in the Schuylkill Region.

— ALL GRADES OF —  
**Flour AND Feed**  
Promptly delivered at the LOWEST PRICES.

**Corn, Oats, Chop Corn, Cob Meal,**  
Cracked Corn, Middlings, Screenings, Bran, Cotton Seed Meal, Barley Sprouts, and everything usually kept in a flour and feed store. Also

**Clover and Timothy Seed,**  
Seed Corn, Seed Oats, Lime, &c.

Agent for Williams and Clark's Phosphates.

**YARD AND WAREHOUSE:**  
Oaks Station. — Perk. R. R.

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are such as to enable us to do strictly First-class work promptly and at reasonable prices. The Job Work done at the INDEPENDENT office compares with that done anywhere in the County. Favor us with your orders and we will do our best to serve you well.

If you have anything to sell and want to sell it and if you want your neighbors and the rest of mankind to know that you have something to sell and want to sell it—no matter what it is—invested in an advertisement in its columns will bring you liberal returns.

A public sale of Personal Property advertised in the INDEPENDENT will not fail to attract the attention of numerous people and bring together plenty of buyers. Advertise.

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A public sale of Personal Property advertised in the INDEPENDENT will not fail to attract the attention of numerous people and bring together plenty of buyers. Advertise.

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8-15

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I would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish

**ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK**  
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Monuments and Tombstones, of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

**Galvanized - Railings,**  
For Enclosing Rural Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

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All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings." My motto: **RESPECTFULLY,**

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